A HORSE
OR
A NEW-YEARES-GIFT

To the Right worthy, and worshipful

Sr. PHILLIP BALFOUR, Knight,
Colonell of a Scottish Regiment in the seruice
of the High and Mighty Lords the States
Generall of the United Prouinces.

BY

G. LAWDER.

AT MIDDELBURGH,

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A HORSE

AMid the croud of clients, that doth choack
The thronged ſtreets, and temples, with the ſmoak
Of loue and incenſe, where true zeal doth burne
In happy wiſhes, for the yeares returne;
Whileſt each his Patron humbly doth preſent
Due hommage, in ſome gift or complement:
Rouz'd from ſad ſilence, darke, and drouzy ſhade:
My baſhfull Muſe comes bluſhing forth, afraid,
And ſhames to be ſurpriz'd at ſuch a time;
(When ſo much Reaſon ſhould awake hir rime)
That Noble BALFOUR ſhould no token find
Of LAUDER's loue, reſpect, and honeſt mind:
But whileſt her griefe in wandring thoughts doth ſtray
To find a preſent for this Holy day;
On flowrie Peleon, faire Theſſalia's pride,
In ſingle choice ſhee nimbly doth beſtride
A pranſing Steed, and backwards bends her courſe
To giue him for a New-yeares-gift, this HORSE.
What could my wiſh in all the world haue found,
Braue BALFOUR, worthier of my duties bound,
Or your acceptance, then what here I bring?
The nobleſt Creature, next to man, their king:
The warlike Courſer whoſe high courage warmes,
When trumpets ſound, and drums doe beat alarmes;
The battels ſtrength, in whoſe Heroick breſt,
True valour harbours, and true loue doth reſt.
The nobleſt Patme in the faireſt feature
And juſtly Soueraigne of the ſpeechles creature.
The HORSE is full of wonder and delight,
The ſweeteſt object that preſents the ſight;

And

And vvould you have his qualities deſcride,
The GOD of Hoaſts, and Iſrael's Armies guide
When vvith his Seruant IOB, he held diſcourſe *Iob. 39. 22.*
Told him the rare perfections of the HORSE;
„ His Creſt is cloath'd vvith thunder: None can make
„ His ſinevvy limbs like graſhoppers to quake:
„ His flouting noſtrills breath a fearefull ſmoack:
„ The valley trembles, at his hoofs hard ſtroack:
„ Hee glories in his ſtrength; And trampling goes
„ To meet the ſquadrons of his armed foes:
„ He ſcorneth feare, and is no vvhit afraid;
„ Nor turnes about at ſight of brandish'd blade;
„ The quiuer ratleth in his raiſed eares:
„ He ſlights the glance of gliſtring ſhields and ſpeares:
„ His fiercenes, rage doth ſvvallovv up the ground:
„ And he diſdaines the trumpets auvvfull ſound:
„ Hee neighs and curbets at the trumpets noiſe;
„ And ſmells the vvarre afarre: Heares the lovvd voyce
„ Of thundring Captaines; And the ſhouts and cryes
„ Of Souldiours, and ſhootes lightning from his eyes.
The generous HORSE hath a great Sympathy
With his proud Ryder, and can preſently
Conceiue his meaning, vvhen He finds him ſtirre
The reynes, or raiſe his rod, or vvagg his ſpurre;
As if his mouth and flankes had eyes and eares
To heare and ſee his riders dumb deſires;
Or that his limbs vvere members of that head
Whoſe hand and fancie doth his motions lead;
What greater pleaſure, then to ſee him goe
Puffing ſide-vvaies turning to and fro?
His Head and body, or a gallop ſtrike
With Majeſty and meaſure raiſd alike,
Or vvhen he finds the reines more free, to flie
More ſvvift then Parthian ſhaft, outrun the eie
Vntill his ſpeed have left behind the plain
And he come bravelie foaming home againe.

Then vvith a ſenſe of honour, as it vvere
Puffd up, he proudly caſts, novv heere, novv there
His flaming eyes, and chaſes his clattring bitt,
As if he vvould ſay ſomething but for it,
But vvhen he's armd for fight; And on his head
A loftie pannach vvafting plumes doe ſpread:
What Curbetts, and vvhat capriolls he makes,
What volts? vvith vvhoſe ſad vveight the center ſhakes:
With vvhat diſdaine he ſtrikes and ſcrapes the ground?
Whileſt neighing loud he makes the fields reſound,
And in a noble furie ſeemes to plaine
The curbing reines his courage ſhould reſtraine:
His rage enflames, and breathing fire and ſmoak
He capers, kicks, and doth himſelfe prouoak;
Turnes round, and riſes over end, to ſee
With froathing mouth, a farre the Enemy.
This noble creature ſince the vvorld began
Hath beene the darling, and delight of Man;
And for his vvorth more Princes loue hath vvonne
Then all the reſt together, Hee alone:
So much that vvhen I name him, I proteſt
I bluſh, and grieue to call him but a beaſt.
The vviſe and valiant CIMON, vvhom proud Greece
So much doth boaſt of, thought it no diſgrace
To lay his HORSE beſide himſelfe, and have
Cloaſe by his tomb his Horſes ioyning grave.
Great ALEXANDER, vvho the earth o're ranne,
And greedie vviſhd more vvorlds for him to vvonne,
Did found a City in his conqueſts courſe
In honour of Bucephalus his HORSE.
Braue Julius CÆSAR, Romes triumphant God,
Whoſe conqueſts ore his countries freedome rode?
And reft by force the crovvne to proue Her courſe
So much eſteem'd dearely lou'd his Horſe,

That

That in his temple vvhere the people bovvd
To vvorship him, his HORSE in marble stood.
Milde ANTONIN, whose vvise and happy Raigne
A paterne yet for Princes doth remaine;
So lov'd the HORSE, that he vvith cost did mould
And cast his Statue into pureſt gold.
And VERUS buried in the Vatican
A HORSE vvith all the honours due to Man.
CALIGULA, though othervvaies a beast
Did oft inuite his Horſe to be his gueſt,
Drunck healths unto him, decks him vvith his cloack:
And vvould haue made him CONSUL, had he ſpoke.
Yea vvhen he vvrongd the Prieſthood, and vvould take
That place, he did his HORSE his Colleague make.
NERO, that ne'er lou'd Creature, young nor old,
Even ſcarſe himſelfe, his HORSE ſo deare did hold
That clad in purple, he muſt weare the Govvne
As SENATOR, and walk abroad the towne:
And his fine wanton wench SABINA would
Her HORSE haye ſhod with none but ſhooes of gold.
The HORSE is often cauſe of victory,
And in the battle fighteth furiouſly;
He bites and ſtrikes, and beats whole ſquadrons downe
Rides o're the ranks, till all be quite o'rethrowne;
And will not heare the ſound of the retreit,
But followes thoſe that flie, and are deſeat.
The HORSE was fatall unto famous TROY
Which ten yeares lingring ſiedge could not annoy;
And thoſe white ſteeds ANCHISES firſt did ſee
Vpon the long ſought ſhoare of ITALY,
Portended warre; the land could not be wonne,
But with hard blowes, by his toſſd wandring Sonne.
A HORSE diſcouered him that ſhould be king *Herod. lib 3.*
When Perſia's vviſe men forth their Peeres did bring

Without

Without the Citygate vvel mounted all:
And hee whose HORSE first neigh'd, ('twas said) should fall
The Crowne by lott, vvhich Darius did obtaine,
And by that means came o're the Land to raigne.
The HORSE, Warres Simbole, is alive, or dead,
As well vvas seene in CARTHAGE, by the Head
Of one was found, when first faire Dido founded
That Towne; and with strong walls the Port surrounded.
For Rome ne'er found a folke more hard to daunt
And Hanniball of Canna's field could vaunt.
The HORSE, for speed and strength so farre excells
All other Creatures made for service elle;
That euen th' Apostles sometime are compar'd
To HORSES, for their toyle & travell hard.
As when the Prophet in the vale of Night — Zechariah.1.6.
Among the Mirtles saw that vision bright?
,, A Man that sate upon a HORSE was red
,, And others speckled more behind him stood
,, He asked vvhat they were, and it vvas sayd
,, Those whom the Lord his messengers had made
,, To walke abroad the earth, and shovv his vvill
,, Though all the vvorld in vvickednes sate still.
What greater marck of true magnificence
To shovv the state and puissance of a Prince;
Then in the choice and number of his HORSE?
Which proue his povver, and doe proclaime his force.
The Mirror & the Mappe of Majesty.
Great SALOMON, vvhose glory reach'd the skye,
In nothing more his royall pomp maintaind
Then fourty thousand HORSE he entertaind.
The HORSE may for his Courage justly clayme
A share in honours, and surviving fame,
With all those vvorthies that the vvorld admires
Those valiant vvandring Knights, and sturdie Squires

For

For had not HEE, as forvvard been as they
Where ſhould vve find our Chiualry to day.
St. Georg himſelfe, but for his HORSE I feare,
Had neuer kill'd the Dragon vvith his ſpeare;
But he hath his revvard, and fares no vvorſe
Then his proud Ryder, honoured as a HORSE.
The HORSE alone is vvorth a vvorld of creatures;
Whoſe ſeuerall ſeruice, ſutes but vvith their natures,
Hees fit for all things, and you cannot chuſe
A vvork becomes him vvrong; or vvants his uſe
In peace and vvarre for profit and for pleaſure
He is the Prince and Peaſants choiceſt treaſure.
Though Fables in fine tires haue truth diſguis'd
And tell us tales of Monſters, Men deuis'd,
As that the Centaures vvere halfe HOSRE, halfe Man:
The Moral's good, and from this ground began:
There dvvelt a people, on mount Pelions ſide,
Who firſt broke HORSES, and vvere ſeene to ride,
Their ſimple neighbours thought both Man & horſe
Had beene but One, and fear'd their mighty force
(As of late yeares, the ſauadge Indians thought
When Cortez firſt from Spayne, his horſmen brought:
For vvhen they fought on foot they fear'd no euill
But durſt not ſtand againſt that Spaniſh Deuil.)
From thence the Poets faind that prettie tale
To ſhovv that ſtrength and reaſon ſtill preuaile:
And therefore fained Chiron to be One
That did inſtruct faire Thetis vvarrelike Sonne:
The better in that fiction to expreſſe
Thoſe parts requir'd in him that's put to dreſſe
A Princes youth, vvhoſe vviſe & deep diſcourſe
To manly Reaſon joines the ſtrength of HORSE.
But ſoft my Muſe, it is too much I feare
Stop here thy courſe: and hold in full cariere
The gentle HORSE ſhould not be ſpurr'd too ſore;
Nor muſt thou vvrong his patience any more,

The gentle HORSE ſhould not be ſpurr'd too ſore;
Nor muſt thou vvrong his patience any more,
That daings to heare thy harſh, and ill-tim'd ſong
The Day is holy; hold thy prating toung.
Behold Braue BALFOUR, vvith vvhat confidence
I kindly begge your fauour vvill diſpenſe
With this plaine freedome: and accept my loue
In this poore token, though a toy it proue:
The Gods of old vvere pleaſ'd vvith pooreſt things
And pettie flovvers are preſents for great Kings.
What here I offer, if it pleaſe your eye,
My vviſh is full, my verſe to Heauen vvill flie.
And I ſhall reach PARNASSUS ſacred ſourſe
On this Pegaſian COLT, my Flying HORSE.

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